

# KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

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## MEMORIES

Recalled by a Recent Exchange of Letters Between Old Friends.

Both Were Irish-Americans, Living in Washington and Louisville.

Story of a Visit to Wolfe Tone's Grave Made Thirty-Seven Years Ago.

TERRENCE B. MACMANUS' FUNERAL

Nearly thirty-eight years ago a party of Irish-Americans journeyed from the United States to Ireland there to lay at rest the remains of a patriot, Terrence Bellow MacManus. The funeral attracted attention both on the American and European continents. The story of that funeral is well-nigh forgotten by many Irish-Americans who were living at that time, and has probably never been heard of by many of the Irish-Americans of the present generation. However, there is living in Louisville an Irish-American who accompanied the remains from California to its last resting place in Glasnevin. This fellow-citizen was Mr. Jeremiah Kavanagh, who has for more than thirty years been a resident of Louisville, but who at the time of the MacManus funeral was a resident of California. He was then, in 1861, engaged in organizing the Fenian Brotherhood on the Pacific slope. Some day he will probably tell the story of that funeral and the attending incidents.

Recently Mr. Kavanagh received a letter from a friend and namesake, though they do not spell their names alike, Mr. Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D. C. Messrs. Kavanagh and Cavanagh both traveled across the ocean with the MacManus remains. Neither has seen the other for many years, and doubtless each one had mourned the other as dead until an accident revealed to the Washington Irish-American that his one-time California namesake was living and well in Louisville.

Mr. Cavanagh wrote to his old friend Kavanagh. The letter was promptly answered. This happened late in the past month. Though the frost has touched the heads of these two old friends they are both still Irish patriots at heart. Mr. Michael Cavanagh is employed in the War Department at Washington. In fact he has been in the same department more than thirty years. Besides this regular employment he writes for magazines and papers, principally on Irish or Irish-American affairs. He is something of a poet, too, and writes as fluently in the Irish language as most Irish-Americans are capable of writing in the English language. His favorite pen name is "Cloch-an-Cuinnne," or in English "Corner Stone."

Well, among other things that Michael Cavanagh has written is a series of sketches about the trip through Ireland on the occasion of MacManus' funeral. Particularly interesting are the sketches of this Washington Irish-American on the trip to Bodenstown churchyard, where the remains of that other Irish patriot, Theobald Wolfe Tone, are buried.

It is well for Irish-Americans, and particularly young Irish-Americans, to know something of Ireland, its history, its poets, statesmen and soldiers. The best way to gain this information is to read an Irish-American paper that is interested in giving its readers this kind of news, and it was for just such a paper that Mr. Michael Cavanagh penned his "Memories of the Green Isle" about nine years ago. It is hardly possible that they have ever seen the light of day in Louisville up to the present time.

These sketches are bright, old yet ever new, and they have a flavor of the Irish soil.

The first of the series is more or less introductory. Here it is:

CHAPTER I.  
I will go to the lonely graveyard near the pleasant field of Kildare,  
And pray for my chief and hero—  
Tone who is sleeping there.

—Joseph Brennan.  
November 9, 1861, I shall ever regard as one of the most eventful days of my life, for it witnessed the accomplishment of a long-cherished desire—that of looking upon the grave of Ireland's greatest revolutionary organizer—Theobald Wolfe Tone.

It was the day preceding that on which the mortal remains of a kindred hero, Terrence Bellow MacManus, were to be confined to their final resting place in Ireland's national necropolis—Glasnevin. From his temporary grave by the shores of the far Pacific he had been disinterred by loving compatriots, who had faith in the cause for which he risked his life and lost nearly all that could make life dear, and who also believed in the resurrection to national life of the land he loved so well.

To gratify the last heartfelt longing of their brother exile, as well as to aid in awakening their native land from the torpor which, to some of her less hopeful children, seemed political death, those practical enthusiasts, the Californian Fenians, conceived and carried out the sublime idea of magnetizing their sleeping Queen by laying upon her bosom the true heart which throbbled so

prondly for her in its freshness and prime, and which pined and broke in sorrow and despair at what its owner deemed an eternal separation from his fondly cherished mother.

The pious work was all but completed. The patriot's remains had been conveyed across a continent and two oceans to his "Isle of Destiny." For ten days and nights they had been "waked at home." The grave had been dug in which they were to lie on the morrow; but ere they left the "Rebel of Forty-eight" to sleep in Irish clay the exiles who accompanied him on his homeward journey determined to pay the homage of their devotion to the principles which he inculcated in life and death by making a reverential pilgrimage to the grave of the great revolutionary apostle, whose faith he preached, and who, like him, "died for Ireland."

As our little party of Irish-Americans were preparing to start from the Shelbourne Hotel on their loving mission it was unexpectedly reinforced by another exiled pilgrim—Mr. Kelly, a native of Waterford, but for many years a resident of Manchester, England. This true-souled Irishman having signified his intention of forming a "delegation of one" from his expatriated countrymen in Manchester, he had been furnished with a letter of introduction to me by a dear beloved townsman of mine, the Reverend John Tracy, who felt confident that it would insure the bearer a cordial reception. It not only fulfilled its object so far, but caused Mr. Kelly and myself to feel at once as if we were old acquaintances, linked together by the mutual friendship we entertained for the patriot priest.

When I left my old home, twelve years before, John Tracy was one of a band of Capuchin boys, studying at the celebrated school of Melleray, several of whom have since become distinguished ornaments of the Irish missionary church; celebrated alike for their efficiency and zeal in propagating the faith in foreign lands and for their loving devotion to their own dear Isle. The Most Rev. Michael Keane, D. D., Holy Cross College, Dublin, is one of them; the Rev. Matthew A. Hunt, pastor of St. Matthew's church, Southington, Conn. (and as I write on his way across the Atlantic on a visit to his native land), is another. Good cause have their fellowtownsmen to be proud of them both, as well as of all other graduates from their old Alma Mater.

CHAPTER II.  
"Tis Innisfall! 'tis Innisfall!  
The Isle we've seen in dreams."  
—Moore.

The day selected for our pilgrimage was one of the finest that I remember in that exceptionally mild Irish winter. As we emerged from the King's Bridge station, on our journey westward, our eyes wandered with delight over a landscape embracing the most distinguishing characteristics of Irish scenery, and no less rich in historical associations than in natural beauties. Behind us, underneath its dim canopy of smoke-clouds, lay the ancient city with its monuments of glory and of shame; its plundered fane and martyr's graves; its barracks and its prisons; its magnificence and squalor; its desecrated forum—where the money-changers fill the places of Grattan, Curran and their illustrious compatriots; its castle, for centuries the abode of red-handed murder and black-hearted treachery, at present a sink of depravity and fount of corruption, always the detested symbol of foreign domination; its thousands of subsidized slaves and its myriads of conspiring rebels. There also, gleaming resplendent in the sunlight, stretched the broad expanse of Dublin's far-famed "Bay"—with stern Ben Hedar standing like a giant sentinel on guard at its portal. At its upper extremity, across the city, sloped gently to the water's edge Erin's Marathon—the imperishable monument of her greatest king—the battle-field of Clontarf.

On the left, looking proudly down on city, bay and battle-field, their purple sides and mist-wreathed summits cutting sharply against their background of ethereal blue, stood

"The hills of beautiful Wicklow, the hunted outlaw's rest."

The Liffy followed close by on her right; a few hundred yards below Kilmahinham it rippled beneath the bridge that spans the famous "Ath Cro," i. e., "Bloody Ford," so called from the slaughter inflicted there on the English of the Pale by the valiant King Art MacMorrough in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Speeding into the open country, in a few minutes we observed the Round Tower of Clondalkin looming gray and solemn above the pretty little village. Its sight sent the memory wandering into the pre-historic ages, when our pagan forefathers thronged beneath its shadow to worship the God of Nature after their own benighted fashion.

The smiling fields of emerald green, which perhaps owe their perpetual verdure not more to the climate than to the blood of the brave who died in their defence, the thatched and white-walled cottages; their little gardens behind, and in front the clumps of elder and white-thorn; the blue turf-smoke curling upwards from the wide-mouthed chimneys; the bare-footed, rosy-checked children, shouting gleefully as they watch the passing train, their mothers beckoning to them from the half-open doors; the potato-diggers in their white flannel waistcoats, leaning momentarily on their spades; the flocks of linnet in the bushes; the exhilarating balmy air—all wrought on the feelings of the long-absent exiles, and brought from the heart to the lips the spontaneous exclamation:

"This is Ireland! Dear, holy, ancient Ireland! God bless it!"

## SIXTY-NINTH.

New York in Holiday Garb in Honor of Its Great Irish Regiment.

Greatest Demonstration Held in Honor of Home-Coming Soldiers.

Brilliant Scenes at the City Hall and Irish World Office.

REVIEWED BY THE CITY OFFICIALS

The regiment which the War Department intended to send home a disorganized and straggling mob—the Irish Sixty-ninth of New York—was the recipient of a welcome upon its arrival recently, which in a magnitude and enthusiasm far surpassed the receptions tendered all other New York regiments rolled into one.

New York has witnessed but two great popular demonstrations in connection with the present war. One was the farewell to the Sixty-ninth, nine months ago, and the other was the welcome home to the same organization.

Preparations for the welcome had been making for days. The regiment was expected to arrive at 10 o'clock in the morning. At that hour the citizens were ready for them.

At 10 o'clock a telegram was received at the Mayor's office from Col. Duffy at Syracuse, stating that the train had been delayed slightly. At the Franklin-street ferry station of the West Shore railroad a notice was posted that the regiment would arrive at 1 o'clock. The great crowd at the station received this information with a groan, but did not leave. The waiting organizations, after a consultation, decided that it was useless to go home and return again, and simply broke ranks. The crowds in and around City Hall Park did not perceptibly decrease at any time. They simply underwent a series of changes in personnel.

The city was a gaily fluttering wilderness of flags and bunting, and wherever the red, white and blue was flung to the breeze the green of Erin floated by its side. The fact that the men had not had an opportunity to "get at" the enemy did not in the least temper the ardor of their reception. "They did well what they had to do, and were ready to fight at the drop of the hat," was the expression heard on every side.

The regiment landed on Manhattan Island at 5:45. It was dusk when the procession started and almost dark when the head of it reached the Irish World office in Park place. The crowd was tremendous. The tens of thousands that are traveling toward the Brooklyn bridge and the ferries at that hour waited to see the show and to lift their voices.

It was a gorgeous and brilliant spectacle, more brilliant than if it had taken place in daylight, for as soon as it was known that the Sixty-ninth must march after nightfall fireworks were secured—Roman candles, rockets and red fire.

The Irish World had suspended its beautiful Irish flag, flanked on either side by American flags, over the street, and at this point the street was choked with humanity when the head of the procession passed. As the splendid regiment passed under the green banner the crowd cheered with deafening roars time and again. Every company as it swung past received a hearty greeting, and the faces of the sturdy soldiers beamed with smiles of appreciation. Father Daly, the beloved chaplain, trudged along with his "boys," and as the crowd caught sight of him he was cheered heartily.

As the mounted police turned into Mail street the cheers of the crowd could be heard down Broadway. There were ever so many bands, and they played with tremendous vigor. The stirring strains of "Wearing of the Green," "Killarney" and all the tunes dear to Irish hearts mingled with patriotic American airs.

City Hall Park was really a blaze of glory when the procession marched across it. Red fire was kept burning at short intervals, the heavens were brilliant with rockets, aerial bombs and cannon added the splendor of noise. The veterans of the Sixty-ninth, men who carried tattered, faded battle-flags of the civil war—shreds of silk more precious than diamonds—marched along, followed by the Irish Brigade, the Shields-Corcoran Post and Reno Post, G. A. R. Then came the Rawlins Zouaves, Rawlins Post and the Irish Volunteers, who made a fine appearance.

The honorably discharged men of the Sixty-ninth were next, ahead of the St. George Cadets, after who came the Ancient Order of Hibernians, led by the Catholic Protective band. Then came the County Cavan and other associations, including the Leitrin Men's Association, in coaches. Very fine and showy looked the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment in bright new fatigue uniforms without overcoats. This regiment acted as escort.

All of these were acclaimed, but it was the Sixty-ninth that the crowd wanted to greet. It was a few minutes after 6 o'clock when the Sixty-ninth reached the City Hall. The crowd was tremendous, one of the largest ever gathered to view a procession.

The sky was brilliant with rockets, the artillery thundered until it seemed that

the reverberations must shake the huge buildings. The whole park was bathed in red fire. Never was a home-coming regiment given such a demonstration.

On the City Hall steps were Mayor Van Wyck and the officials of the city government, surrounded by as many people as could secure a foothold.

At the head of the regiment was Col. Duffy, his short, rotund figure sitting snugly on his warhorse, his staff officers grouped about him. Then came the men marching in columns of fours.

They wore the familiar light slouch hats. Their gray blankets were slung across their shoulders. The tin cups jingled at their sides as they swept along steadily, bringing their guns to salute, but making no pause.

Their faces were tanned by the fierce Southern sun. Their forms were lean and sinewy, like those of athletes in training.

The cheering mingled with the smashing, vigorous tunes played by the bands, for nearly every organization had a band. In these lulls were the shouts of men who recognized friends in the regiment.

All traffic was stopped on Broadway. Those in the cable cars bound downtown had the best view of the parade. Every window was ablaze. Flags were flying, but the darkness robbed them of effectiveness. Yet there was never a procession that was more picturesque. Electric lights glinted on the rifles.

From City Hall to Houston street the greatest noise was made by the thousands who were in the windows of the buildings. Those in the street and on the sidewalk seemed too busy trying to recognize some friend or to keep from being crushed to do much cheering.

The Sixty-ninth could preserve a correct formation only with difficulty, for every few minutes a man or woman would dart in and hug some one and insist upon marching with him until the police interfered.

Each minute the crowd seemed to increase. There was a deal of cheering from the Broadway Central Hotel and the Sinclair House. The Morton House was ablaze with lights and gay with bunting.

Around Union Square the procession moved, and there the police who were on duty went wholly to pieces.

There was a great crush about Madison Square. As soon as the regiment struck the asphalt it braced up. The men seemed to forget the long, tiresome railroad journey. They marched sixteen abreast, with their heads in the air and that long, steady, regular stride which is one of the results of many hours of drill.

The enthusiasm which the march of the regiment aroused was greater, in ratio to the numbers, through Fifth avenue than it was in other parts of the city. Men thronged the steps and the windows of all the clubs.

There appeared in the windows and on the steps of the fashionable Fifth avenue homes men in evening dress, who clapped their hands and joined in the cheering, and women in beautiful gowns, with gorgeous opera cloaks thrown over their shoulders, who waved handkerchiefs.

It was expected that Archbishop Corrigan would review the troops at St. Patrick's Cathedral, but owing to the lateness of the hour he could not be present, and Father M. J. Lavelle stood in his stead with uncovered head on the steps of the edifice and watched the boys go by. At Fifty-first street the procession marched east to Madison avenue, and down that thoroughfare to Thirty-fourth street, and east again to Park avenue, and then along Fourth avenue to the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory.

An enormous crowd had packed itself around the armory, and there was a rush for the doors by friends and relatives as soon as the men had entered. Chief of Police Devery was at the door with a squad, and as soon as he saw that the place was filled and that there was danger in admitting any more, he gave the order to clear the street in front of the armory.

This only served to complicate matters, and the policemen had finally to draw their clubs and by main force push the mass back into Third avenue. It was all splendid and tremendous, for no regiment coming home crowned with the honors of war, with the record of mighty battles, was ever so greeted as was the Sixty-ninth, which gave nine months of time and a spirit that longed for fighting to the United States.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY BANQUET.

A banquet in honor of Mr. H. W. Newman was given by the Leo Dramatic Society on Thursday at their rooms, Eighth and Grayson streets. Many eloquent speeches were delivered during the evening, the principal address being by Mr. August C. Reverman, who touched upon the characteristic harmony of the club and its progress, which has been most rapid.

Mr. Newman enjoys an enviable reputation as a dramatic director and was popular with all the local dramatic clubs. He was at one time connected with Mary Anderson's company and is remembered as having managed Kathleen Kerrigan.

Misses Olive Hubbuck, Theresa Reverman and Dena Miller, though not having been called upon for a speech, expressed more eloquently by the spread which they prepared the appreciation of the honor conferred upon them by the club in being privileged to participate in the festivities.

The guests were Very Rev. Fathers Westerman and Helling, Messrs. Joseph Crush, Garry Ruth and H. W. Newman. Club members were Messrs. August C. Reverman, Emmett B. Kennedy, George A. McCann, Martin D. Fitzgeralds, James Barry, George Middendorf, Ben Middendorf, Frank C. Angemeier, Geo. Heybach, Frank Graud and Dr. R. H. Hubbuck.

## LIPTON

Came Once to New York as a Stowaway—Now Coming a Merchant Prince.

Romance of Trade in the Career of the America's Cup Challenger.

What a Poor Irish Boy Has Accomplished in Nineteen Years.

OWES HIS SUCCESS TO ADVERTISING

Thirty years ago Thomas Johnstone Lipton staggered ashore in New York, black with coal dust and gasping for breath, from the furnace room of a Charleston steamer.

He had become a stowaway on board because he had no money to pay for his passage; had been dragged from his concealment after the boat was out at sea and with kicks and curses set to earn his passage by shoveling coal.

If, as seems certain, Sir Thomas Lipton comes to visit the United States this year it will be under conditions so different that their bare recital beggars the old tales of wealth and power won by white magic and the wands of the fairies.

The stowaway boy will return as a knight of Great Britain; as a member of one of the most aristocratic yacht clubs in the realm, charged with the purpose of winning the America's cup; as the friend and associate of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York; as the merchant magnate whose ships sail every sea, and whose laborers till and toil in every quarter of the globe to add to his golden gains.

While his pulse thrills with the fever of the most glorious of sports, and the white-clad sailors lie flat along the windward rail of his Shamrock, 6,000 half-naked Ceylonese will be picking, packing and sorting teas upon his plantations, where every prospect pleases; at his warehouse docks in Colombo and Ceylon a fleet of ships will be loading with his goods; in far Chicago his abattoirs will be turning 3,000 hogs per day into food products, to be sent to the seaboard in 600 refrigerator cars and thence carried to every quarter of the globe in Lipton ships; 1,800 men, women and boys will delve in the accounts and reckonings of his London office; 200 Lipton printers will be striking off the labels and wrappers for his goods; and in every part of the United Kingdom, in 420 shops and stores which hoist the Lipton flag, thousands of employees will measure out ha'porths of tea and sugar, even while they wait with loyal confidence the first cable flash of news from the struggling yachts.

No romance can surpass in interest the truth about this man, who has passed almost at a leap from the grime of the stowaway to many-millioned splendor, and who still on the threshold of middle age looks forward to almost limitless increment of wealth.

Very young, the boy worked in Glasgow, where his parents lived, as a messenger at sixty-one cents a week, educating himself in the night school. He ran away to this country, crossing in the steerage, and worked two years on South Carolina plantations. It was not long after the war; there was no money down there. He was seventeen years old when he gave it up and walked to Charleston and took a stowaway's dusty berth for New York.

In that city he earned enough to buy a steerage passage to Glasgow, where he arrived at eighteen, a man in stature and a man who had seen far countries and new ways and had kept his eyes open. "I have always felt that I got a good commercial training here," said he when last in the United States.

Lipton's Irish parents had savings—\$430. They intrusted this money to the boy, who had seen towns and men, and whose eyes gleamed with the light of commercial contest. He opened a small shop, in which he was the only salesman, accountant and window dresser—the entire force.

Sir Thomas Lipton says he owes his success to advertising. They say that in those early days he bought the two biggest hogs in Scotland, decked them gayly with ribbons, and led them through the streets labelled "Lipton's orphans," "Lipton's monsters," another story says; and perhaps both tales are equally dubious.

But advertise Lipton did from the first. "I believe in advertising," he says. "It is the life-blood of modern trade. Every body reads." His pennies were few but nimble; they have rolled far.

The shop grew, and presently there were others. The business went by leaps and bounds. Lipton worked, he says, twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. With the conquest of capital came the opportunity to demonstrate his favorite project—to dispense with the middleman and bring producer and consumer together. His first large productive enterprise was the purchase of plantations in Ceylon and Colombo, where he raises tea, coffee and cocoa with native labor. He is the largest individual landowner in Ceylon. His packing-house in Chicago is a more recent undertaking.

Lipton has traveled in most quarters of the globe, but many of his properties

and employes he has never seen. He trusts to subordinates, and knows how to choose men whom he must trust.

There are 420 Lipton shops in Great Britain, all alike; sixty in London alone, the others everywhere.

Every new Lipton shop is opened by a brass-band concert. In every one the employes wear the same uniform. Every one is decorated in the same rather showy style. The prices in all are uniform and low.

All are lighted by electricity. This is the unvarying rule. In many a small town this requires the expense of a special lighting plant; but it is worth the money. In such a case the Lipton shop shines like a jewel beside its dingy neighbors. It is all the better advertising. It is a nine-days' wonder at first and a distinction always.

Sir Thomas Lipton's fortune is called \$50,000,000. It is only nineteen years since he stood behind a counter waiting on customers.

Last spring Lipton formed a joint stock company to take his London business. The capitalization was fixed at \$12,500,000, of which only \$5,000,000 were offered for sale. This stock was subscribed for twenty-five times over. The same sum had previously been offered by Hooley and refused. Lipton is his own promoter.

Lipton may have been relieved of some of his labors and responsibilities by the change in his business. He is able to enjoy such leisure as comes to him. He is of medium height, but so slender and sinewy that he looks taller. He dresses neatly, not with the gaudy ostentation of Barney Barnato. He is erect, alert; a quizzical smile ever lingers on his thin lips, a twinkle shines in his gray-blue eye. He can enjoy a joke.

This man is a democrat among millionaires. He owns a beautiful country place at Osidge—a palace our volatile and exclamatory British consuls call it—and here every summer he entertains his own employes, brought thither on special Lipton trains from every part of the kingdom.

When Sir Thomas Lipton challenged in the name of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club for the America's cup there were in Britain certain proud aristocrats who sneered at him as not quite a gentleman, don't you know.

The "first gentleman of Europe" came to the defense of its first merchant. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York showed Lipton most friendly attentions. The Princess of Wales sent him a diamond scarfpin at Christmas in her gratitude, for his assistance with the jubilee dinner. His coffee-house gift was named the Alexandra Fund by her permission, and the Prince of Wales is sponsor for the three trustees who with Sir Thomas are to manage it. There is no more sneering now.

The most extraordinary secrecy has been insisted upon in the planning and construction of the Lipton yacht. Her metal parts have been made by Thornycroft and shipped to Harlan & Wolff's yard in Belfast. The Shamrock will be an Irish boat and she will be sailed to win.

"The Lipton flag has never been hoisted in vain," says this bold sportsman. He says that he is prepared to "spend, if necessary, £50,000 or £60,000 to lift that cup." The Shamrock is his sole property. No syndicate was formed to build her.

Nor will there be any moan of unfair play from Sir Thomas Lipton if the Shamrock should come across the line a beaten boat. He is a sportsman as he is a merchant, neglecting nothing to win success and leaving the rest to fortune.

He will be the keenest competitor that ever confronted American yachtsmen.

PRINTERS' MEETING.

Refused to Withdraw From Central Body—Gaining Strength.

Typographical Union No. 10 had a big turnout of members at its meeting Sunday, who were anxious to meet Samuel B. Donnelly, their International President. Mr. Donnelly occupied a seat with President Binford, who introduced him to the members amidst great enthusiasm. During his remarks he congratulated the members of the local union on the progress made and urged them to be still more zealous in their efforts to build up and elevate trades unionism, warning all against the evil effects of factionalism and petty jealousies. He reported the international body as stronger than ever and stated the prospects were bright for bringing in those offices now outside the union fold. Mr. Donnelly created a very favorable impression and was frequently applauded.

Domeck's office on Broadway was put on the list of union printing houses. President Binford and Chairman Asa stated that they were hopeful of unionizing the offices of the Midland Review and Sunday Free Press during the week.

The action of the printers relative to the recent election of officers of the Central Labor Union was looked forward to with considerable interest by union men and others, owing to the fact that some of the daily papers had predicted their secession. The proposition to withdraw was thoroughly discussed, after which it was determined by a decided majority to continue with the Central Labor Union. Messrs. Charles R. Burton, Zeno M. Young and Max Traut were elected delegates to the Central Labor Union by acclamation. The present delegates represent every branch of the trade, coming from the Courier-Journal, Post and Dispatch and book and job offices. Before adjourning Organizer Higgins, on behalf of the members of the union, extended an invitation to President Donnelly to attend a banquet in his honor Monday evening, which was accepted.

## FRANKFORT.

Everything to Be Dull Socially During the Next Seven Weeks.

Hibernians Will Carry Their Celebrated Flag St. Patrick's Day.

Prison Commissioners Fail to Agree Upon a Deputy Warden.

NEW ORGAN FOR CATHOLIC CHURCH

(Special Correspondence to the Kentucky Irish American.)

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 10, 1899.—With the exception of the Episcopal church concert Monday evening, the Ancient Order Hibernian hop Wednesday, the Young Men's Christian Association entertainment Wednesday night and the sacred concert Thursday night, everything has been very dull socially.

The Young Men's Institute will close the social season with a hop next Monday evening, and then seven long weeks of "sack cloth and ashes."

Col. P. H. Newman, Sr., who has been quite sick for the past three weeks, is slightly improved.

The sacred concert given at the Church of the Good Shepherd last Thursday for the benefit of the choir fund was a grand success financially, and quite a neat sum was realized. Those who took part in the concert and rendered their numbers in a most entertaining manner were Messrs. J. W. Vanderveer, Louis Harris, T. J. Bieslan, E. W. Zoeller, W. M. Franklin and Prof. Wayland Graham; Misses Shelley, of Louisville, Kate Gibbons, of this city, and Mesdames P. H. Newman, C. E. Collins and T. M. Newman. A large and appreciative audience expressed themselves as highly entertained.

Standard Bearer C. B. Downey wants all the pretty girls to be out on dress parade March 17, when he will carry the noted flag that went through Canada in 1865.

P. Rath is getting ready to run for reelection to the Librarian office in June.

The movement to purchase a handsome organ for the Church of the Good Shepherd does not seem to meet with the approval of a majority of the congregation, as several have expressed their disapproval, claiming that the sweet toned instrument in use at present could be repaired so as to be almost as good as new, and the \$1,500 or \$2,000 which will be required to purchase a new organ could be used to repair the church, which is badly in need of repairs both on the interior and exterior. The choir has undertaken to raise the entire amount necessary to purchase the organ.

The mask hop given by Division 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, last Wednesday evening was a grand success socially and financially. One of the largest crowds that have ever assembled attended and spent a most enjoyable evening. An excellent orchestra of five pieces rendered fine music, and the young people tripped the light fantastic until the "wee sma' hours," when all returned home, having spent a most enjoyable evening. This will close the present social season until after Easter, when festivities will be resumed with renewed energy after having spent seven weeks in fasting and prayer.

The Prison Commissioners met on Tuesday last and appointed Edward Booth Deputy Warden to serve for thirty days. Each Commissioner was anxious to elect a candidate of his own, and as the deadlock could not be broken it was finally agreed to postpone the election until the regular March meeting. In the meantime Mr. Booth will serve as Deputy Warden.

D. J. M.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

Will Install Newly Elected Officers Sunday Afternoon.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will hold its regular meeting tomorrow afternoon, when the County President will install the officers elected to serve during the present year.

The President, Miss Rose Sweeney, and the Secretary, Miss Annie E. Bain, are endeavoring to double the membership, with good prospects of success. The auxiliary is one of the most popular ladies' societies in this city, with social and charitable features excelled by none.

Important business will be transacted and all are urged to attend.

RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS.

Mr. Michael C. McCarthy, the well known sign writer, met with a severe accident Tuesday evening on Market street, below Sixth. He was engaged in conversation with George Pauling, of Trebing's Hotel, and running from him to catch a street car his foot slipped and he fell to the pavement, sustaining a bad cut and almost fracturing his skull. Mr. Pauling had the injured man conveyed to the hotel, where eight stitches had to be taken in the cut on his head. He was unconscious for an hour and a half. His physician reports him in a fair way to recovery.